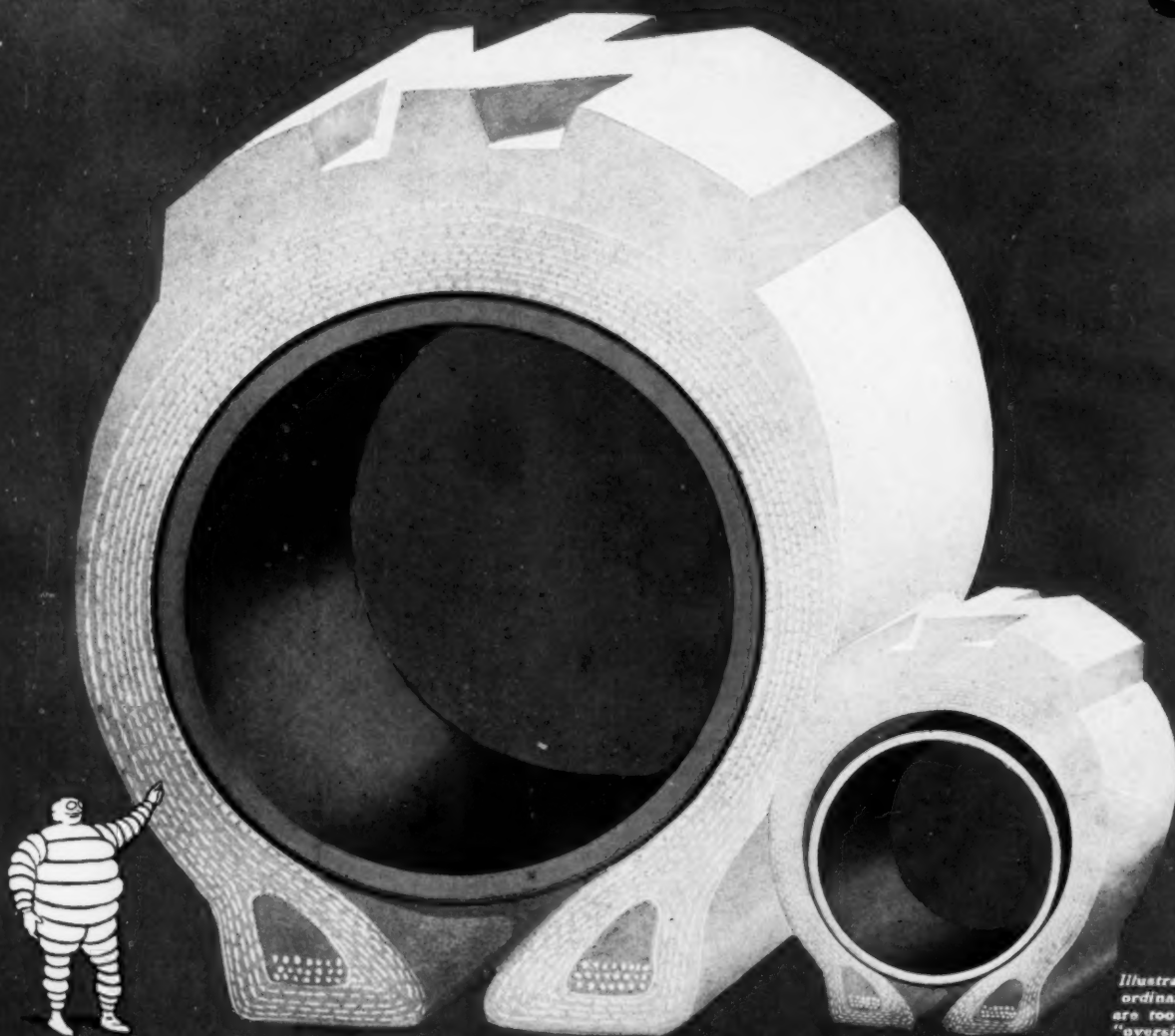




A MESSAGE TO DREAMLAND

MICHELIN

tubes fit "oversize" casings



Illustrating how
ordinary tubes
are too small for
"oversize" tires.

Michelin Tubes are not only made ring-shaped to fit the casing without wrinkling, but in addition are full size in cross-section, and are therefore not stretched thin when inflated. This is especially important when buying tubes for Cord Tires, which are nearly all "oversize".

Tubes that are not really large enough for normal size casings work under a still greater disadvantage in "oversize" casings. Therefore it is greatly to the motorist's advantage to specify Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes, the only tubes that both fit and fill the tube space in the casing.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy.

Dealers in all parts of the world

HEINZ Vinegars

Pints, Quarts, Half-Gallons

In bottles filled and sealed
in the Heinz establishment

ANY salad dressing will be better
by the use of these vinegars.

Of exquisite quality, developed
from the use of the best materials,
care in making and aging in wood,
they awaken flavor in everything
they touch. Three kinds: Malt,
Cider, White.

HEINZ OLIVE OIL, *made
by Heinz in Seville, Spain,
is rich, pure and uniform
in quality. In glass and tin.*

57



L I F E

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

They All Like It

HERE'S a delightful, safe drink for children active in their play—Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Pure ginger, which Clicquot contains, is a safeguard against too sudden chill, a specific, too, for certain digestive disturbances; yet Clicquot is positively non-constipating.

Pure ingredients only and the best are mixed under glass with water piped direct from a bed-rock spring to our daylight factory in the country. The shining bottles are filled and corked without touch of human hands.

Children all like the mild, charming Clicquot blend as much as their elders do.

Druggist or grocer can supply you by the case or in smaller quantity.

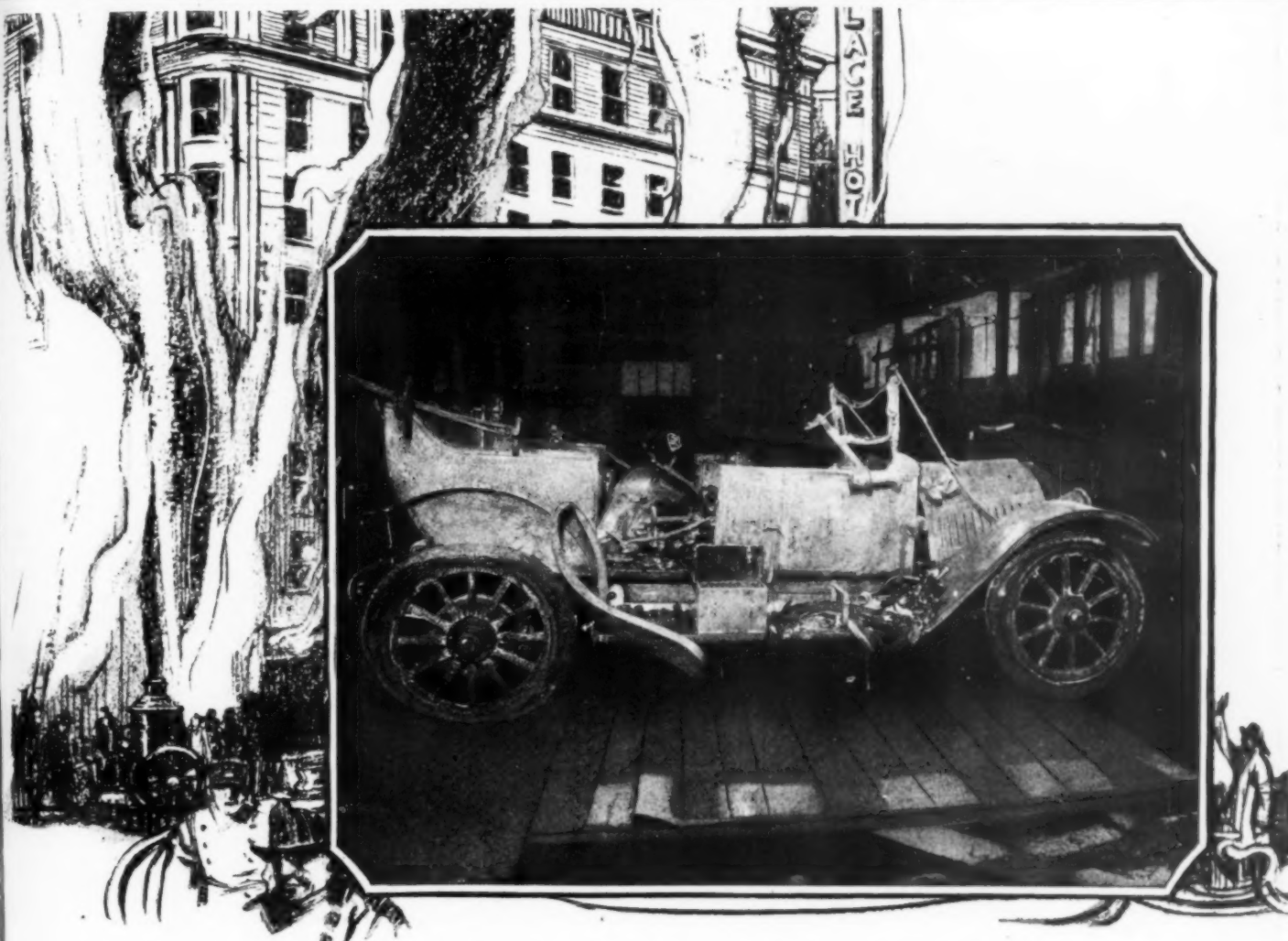
THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



The toll
States is
progress
against t
or the fl
the peop

picture?
it a life

EV
DA



DAYLO PREVENTS SUCH DAMAGE

The toll of lives and property lost by 500,000 fires a year in the United States is tremendous. All the improved fire prevention apparatus and progressive fire laws will avail only when the public is trained to guard against the dangers of unprotected lights. Was it the flicker of a candle or the flame of a lighted match in this garage which wrote tragedy for the people shown in the

EVEREADY

\$10,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

picture? A sorrow which Eveready Daylo could have prevented, or was it a life saved by Eveready Daylo in all the panic of a hotel fire?

You can count the light-giving, life-saving services of Eveready Daylo by hundreds. A description of one of these purposes will win \$10,000.00 First Prize, or one of the 103 other worth-while cash prizes in this fascinating test of wits.

If you have sent one answer why not another, or several? Go to the Daylo dealer for free contest blanks; study the picture in his window and send your answer. There's no cost or obligation. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for a prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each. The art Editors of Life will judge the answers.

Contest closes midnight August 1, 1920.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS of National Carbon Company, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

The light that says
"There it is!"



3661



2659



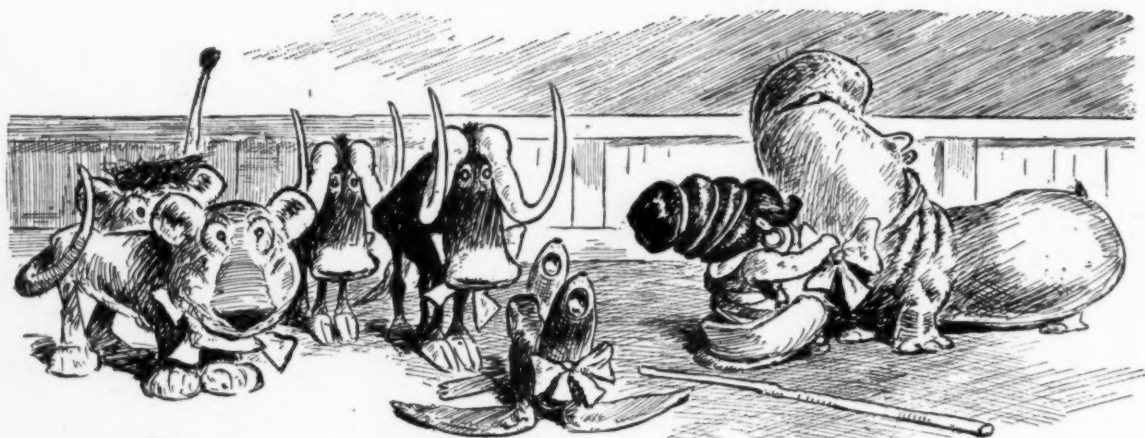
4702



2612

Look for this sign in your
Eveready Daylo dealer's window





Drawing by Sullivant. Decorations by Mrs. Noah.

Who Is Sullivant?

The confidential Guide to *LIFE'S* contributors has been temporarily discontinued owing to our own private drive for new subscribers, which is still on. In the meantime Sullivant drawings are appearing in *LIFE* every week. They deserve careful attention and study, not only because T. S. Sullivant is a great artist, but because his sense of humor is so "different". Many people who look at his extraordinary delineations of animal life may think that because they are in effect grotesque they are not true to life. On the contrary, they always conform to certain principles; that is why Sullivant's work is known all over Europe, and why he has the respect and admiration of his fellow craftsmen. It has been said that women do not like Sullivant's pictures. We cannot believe this.

Meanwhile

Don't forget that *LIFE* is short and time is fleeting, and become a regular subscriber. The one-man-top cover on the next issue need not necessarily be missed, if you get to the news-stand early enough. But by sending in that dollar (see conditions) you make sure. Obey that impulse.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for twelve issues to



Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

138 *LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

The New Miniature Life,

which is a pocket edition of this intensely interesting paper, is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Hot Air

AN American schoolgirl once described London as "the capital of a small island off the coast of France"; and a British schoolboy once asserted that in the United States "people are put to death by elocution." This is the quadrennial year of political conventions, and the long-distance orator is parading his lack of terminal facilities. He is an hour in passing a given point—and sometimes he leaves the point out. We need a League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Listeners. Or at least we need a revival of the censorship, not to control the utterances of the politicians, but to curb their disparate prolixity. Perhaps we could get along if there was an official copy-reader, empowered to wield the blue pencil inexorably.

At the Republican Convention in Chicago the candidates for President were thirteen—which was an unlucky number for a dozen of them. Every one of them was beflowered and beplastered in at

Watch your gums—
bleeding a sign of trouble



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Can.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.,
Montreal

CONNECTICUT IGNITION



SIMPLY PUSH THE BUTTON WHEN
YOU WANT TO START AGAIN.



How the Automatic Switch Insures Your Ignition

You forget to turn off your ignition often enough to create a real danger to the system; but forgetting makes no difference to the Connecticut system. When the motor stops, the continued flow of the current heats the thermostatic arm of the Connecticut Automatic Switch, causing it to expand, throwing off the plunger and breaking the circuit.

This thermostatic arm is composed of bronze welded to steel. The bronze expands more rapidly under heat than the steel, and this uneven expansion automatically snaps off the plunger, stopping the flow of current immediately.

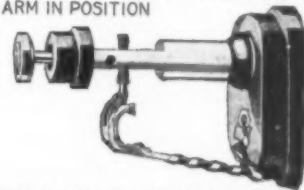
It is a simple mechanism, infallible in operation, and requires neither thought nor attention—except to push the plunger back when you want to start again.

The automatic switch thus permanently protects both coil and battery. Therefore the Connecticut system, free to deliver full current, furnishes a hot, fat, eager spark at all motor speeds.

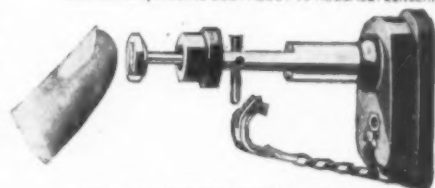
It should be on the next car you buy.



MOTOR RUNNING, CURRENT FLOWING, THERMOSTATIC ARM IN POSITION



MOTOR STOPPED, EXPANSION OCCURRING IN THERMOSTATIC ARM, WHICH IS JUST ABOUT TO RELEASE PLUNGER.



PLUNGER OFF, CURRENT STOPPED—PUSH IT BACK WHEN YOU WANT TO START AGAIN

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden Connecticut

least two soaring speeches. The volcanic outburst devastated the surrounding territory for many torrid hours. There were fourteen thousand coatless men and shirt-waist women in the huge hall; and the thermometer aeroplaned above ninety. It ought to be feasible for politicians to agree to bring nominations under the five-minute rule. The immediate result of the adoption of this suggestion would be to make the speeches better worth reading. And it requires only the adjustment of a patent condenser to the hot-air engine.

B. M.

BOGALUSA
LOUISIANA
"The New South's Young City of Destiny."
"New one on me." Well, it has 15,000 people. 11 years ago its site was a pine forest. Mayor knows why.

Skin Troubles
—Soothed—
With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 5c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

Opposite Pennsylvania Terminal New York

You're Invited Out to the Kitchen

The next time you're stopping at the Pennsylvania, I wish you'd ask to be shown through the kitchens. They're well worth seeing.

Not only because they are the biggest hotel kitchens in the world. That's something, of course, and we're duly proud of it. But because we don't know of any better, more efficient, more *interesting and attractive* workshop of the sort anywhere. Cleanliness—you wouldn't believe until you saw them how clean and bright and wholesome kitchens can be that are turning out six to ten thousand meals a day. And that higher figure is a good many thousands under their capacity.

What we're talking about now is what we call the "main kitchens." There are also kitchens—separate establishments, in other parts of the building—for the Roof Garden

Restaurants, and the Ballrooms and Banquet Rooms. The big Main Kitchens are the most interesting, because they include the Bake-shop, Ice Cream Room, Butcher Shop and other special facilities for the large-scale housekeeping we do at this largest hotel in the world.

Come any time—even at the rush hours, when everything's at its busiest. This invitation is made without reservations.

A memo just came to my desk with figures on one day's consumption of bread in the hotel: 25,700 rolls, 455 loaves French bread, and 160 loaves (6 pounds each) of sandwich bread. That will give you an idea of the scale on which the Kitchens work.

Statler

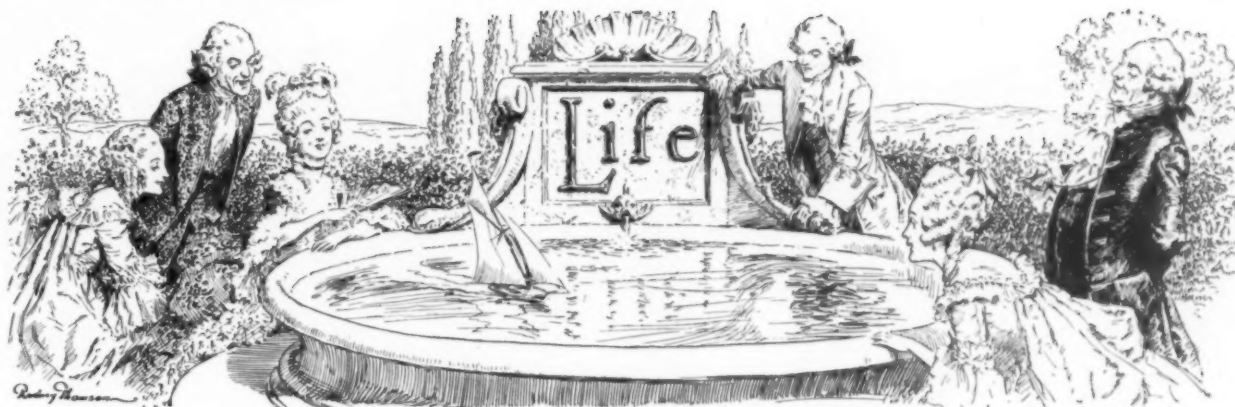


Hotel Pennsylvania, with its 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, is the largest hotel in the world—built and operated for discriminating travelers who want the best there is.

Associated with it are the four *Hotels Statler* in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; and each of these five hotels makes reservations for all the others. All have private

baths, circulating icewater and other unusual conveniences in every room. An entire block of ground in Buffalo has just been purchased, for a new *Hotel Statler*.

Yachting Number



A Cup Race Ditty

SING a song of sloop yachts
 Racing for a cup,
 Every man to windward,
 All the canvas up,
 Threshing toward the seamark,
 Swinging round the buoys;
 When they cross the finish line
 There'll be a lot of noise.

Sing a song of tops'ls,
 Spinnakers and booms!
 Nothing like a sea wind
 To chase away the glooms!
 Spill us out a capful,
 Deal us out a gale,
 Send us any wind at all
 To fill the flapping sail!

Sing a song of sportsmen
 True and keen as steel,
 Watchful of the mainsheet,
 Careful of the wheel!
 Luck to both the captains,
 Luck to both the crews,
 All the luck to all of them,
 Good fellows, win or lose!
Arthur Guiterman.



"OH, CAPTAIN, IF I WERE TO START AND SWIM STRAIGHT OUT INTO THE OCEAN IN THAT DIRECTION—AND KEEP ON AND ON AND ON—WHERE WOULD I LAND?"
 "IN TH' LOONATIC ASYLUM, MISSIS."



LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and addressed to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance	\$5,759.92
Mrs. Leonard Graham	10.00
J. M. Judson	10.00
Henry W. Banks, Jr.	10.00
Miss Kate Ayerig	10.00
Flora A. Morrow	10.00
"Anonymous"	5.00
Alice L. Goodrich	9.00
Mrs. Newton Elwell Stout ..	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Tyler ..	50.00
E. C. Evans	20.00
R. E. Rivero	10.00
Laura Lee Elston and Harry Knight Elston ..	10.00
Model Calendar Company	5.00
Barbara and Edward F. Bishop ..	10.00
Wm. P. Clyde	100.00
"In loving memory of William" ..	10.00
In memory of Maud Eustis Paine ..	25.00
Florence T. Woodmansee	5.00
Miss Martha H. Clark	15.00
Mrs. E. L. Ferdon	10.00

H. H. Clapp	10.00
W. J. Sherwood	5.00
Wm. J. Ryan	25.00
Miss G. E. Fish	5.00
Wm. Farst	25.00
Mrs. A. M.	3.75

\$6,177.67

(This statement includes all contributions received before June 17th.)

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A coat for a girl, from Miss J. E. Thiell, Belvidere, Ill.

Four girls' undergarments, nine girls' dresses, two silk ties, five petticoats, nine kimonos and one pair of socks from National League, through Mrs. Harrison Cady, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One very large package of clothing for girls, including thirty yards of handmade lace, books, aprons, ties, shawls, waists, dresses and purse containing twenty-five cents for a child, from Miss F. E. Howard, Boerne, Texas.

Memo for the Future Historian

Washington.—An increase in the number of working children and a longer working day for children under sixteen was the effect of the European war on child labor, according to a statement of the Department of Labor. Inspectors report that in one state, where the minimum age for employment in canneries is fourteen years, seven hundred and twenty-one children under that age, including fifty not yet ten years old, were employed.—Associated Press dispatch.

IN chapter on child labor, please note that the successful career of this industry during and after the war is attributable to certain definite causes. Show how the ques-

tion was primarily one of policy. Cite the case of the railroads. Explain why government control was necessary. Discuss its effects, giving names, locations and dates of establishment of the principal after-the-war junk heaps accruing therefrom. Compare the child-labor industry and the policy adopted toward it. Discuss what might have happened to this industry if it had been taken over by the government. Elucidate the hands-off policy as applied to child labor. What are its merits? Show how the policy was of the utmost importance to the industrial

prosperity of certain sections of the South, normally heavily Democratic.

P. S.—Refer, in passing, to the patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice that animated the seven hundred and twenty-one under-age children of one state who helped to win the war by working in a cannery.



Mrs. Richard: SO YOU HAVE A NEW COOK? HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE TO GET HER?

Mrs. Henry: SHE CAME TO THE DOOR AND ASKED TO BE DIRECTED TO MRS. THOMAS'S HOUSE, SO I PRETENDED THIS WAS IT.



The Terror of the Spanish Main

W. S. MAVERICK

Cooper's Sleeping Porch

COOPER, who lives in one of those depressing little towns outside of New York, insisted one Saturday that I go out with him. He could not be blamed for wishing company. I shouldn't care to go to one of those places alone, either. Of course I didn't want to go—but then nobody wants to go to week-ends, and there you are, or rather there I was—at the Coopers'.

When evening came, Cooper said, "Now, old man, we have a real treat for you. You shall have the sleeping porch."

Through years of association with Cooper on the golf course, I had learned to expect almost anything from him. Any man who can drive into the heart of a dense jungle and emerge thirty minutes later with the claim that it took him one stroke to get out, is hardly to be depended upon. His enthusiasm set me on my guard at once.

"Cooper," I said, "I'd just as soon sleep inside—in fact, I'd prefer it."

Cooper's tribute to the fresh air, which he delivered at this time, was entirely unnecessary. It smelled all right to me, and probably was fresh, just as he said. There was no argument here. I told him as much. I also remarked that I would sleep inside.

"Frankly, Peters," Cooper returned, "you've got to sleep on the porch. The guest room is being done over."

Silently we went upstairs to the sleeping porch. "Well," I said shortly, "we seem to be here. Where's the bed?"

"Right here," he answered, and pointed with his hand.

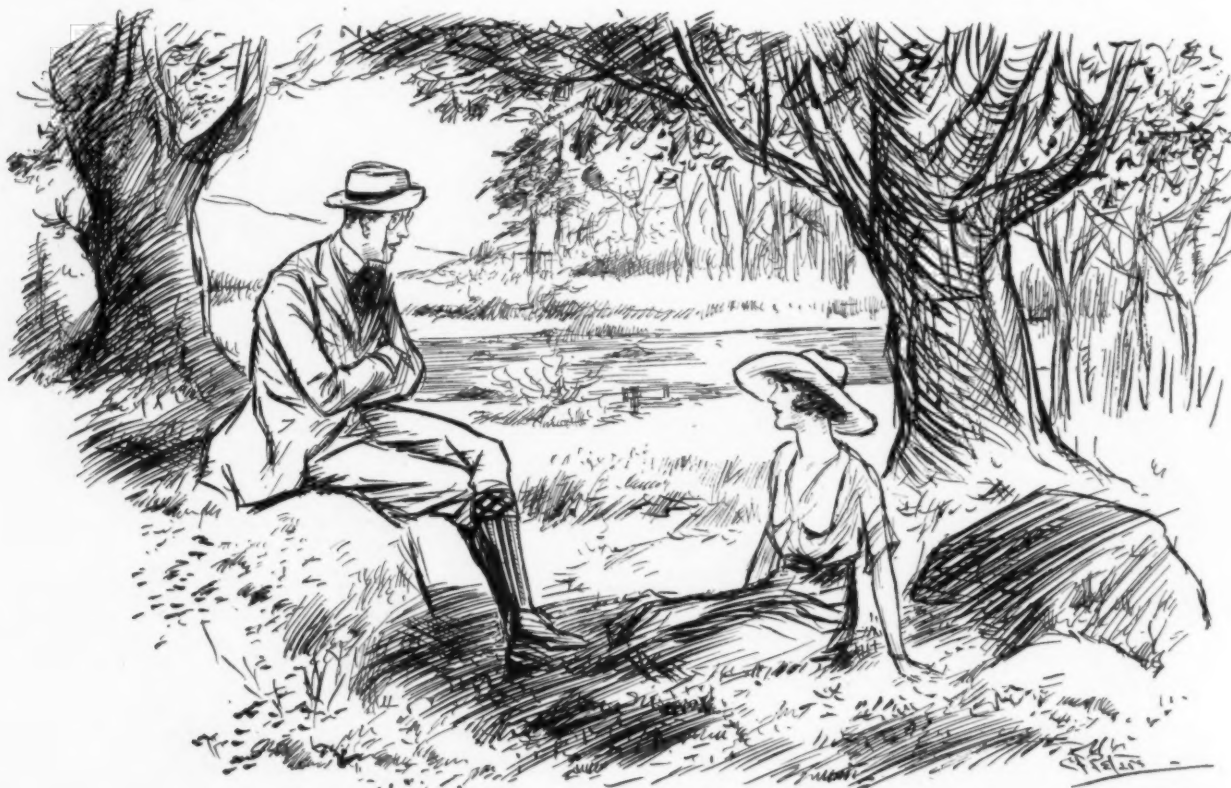
There *was* something there. I drew nearer.

That thing that I was supposed to sleep in might have been sired by a regular bed, but obviously it had been crossed with a footstool or a bassinet, or possibly a bureau drawer. It had probably been given to Cooper in his extreme youth as a plaything. I could imagine him putting the animals from his Noah's ark to bed in it. It was a piece of a bed, if you like—one of the parts. But it was not a bed.

Cooper left me rather hurriedly. I think that he was ashamed of himself.

I slipped in—or rather through, because most of me projected into space—and, closing my eyes, counted imaginary sheep climbing an imaginary fence. Suddenly I became aware of a buzzing sound, now near, now far away, and decidedly disconcerting from its positive refusal to stay put. It was a mosquito, and, judging from its motor, it was the largest mosquito in the world. I thought that it would fly away, but it didn't, and then I realized that the screens which enclosed the porch, while highly effective in keeping other mosquitoes out, were equally efficient in keeping this particular mosquito in. Probably it had come in with the carpenter when he screened in the porch, years before, and had fattened on the guests of the Coopers ever since. By swinging my arms about I succeeded in keeping it at a safe distance, and then I must have fallen in a half doze.

The merry tinkle of bottles awakened me. It was the milkman—or rather the first of the milkmen. To hear him whistling gaily as he dashed up the rear porch next door and then our porch and then the other porches down the street, with the tinkle, tinkle of the bottles and now and then a crash as one of



Author: SO YOU LIKE MY ARTICLE. WHAT PART DO YOU PARTICULARLY LIKE?

She: OH, I THINK THOSE QUOTATIONS FROM BYRON ARE SIMPLY SPLENDID.



Farmer: THE PAPER SAYS WE'VE HELD THE AMERICA'S CUP THIRTY YEARS.
Wife: I NOTICE THEY DON'T NEVER MENTION THE SAUCER. I GUESS THAT WAS CRACKED LONG AGO.

the nine or ten juggling in the air eluded his nimble fingers, was little short of inspirational. I thought of a new way to commit murder almost on the instant. For several hours after this, instead of imaginary sheep, I counted real milkmen breaking real bottles of milk.

It was now broad daylight—the broadest daylight that I had ever encountered. Ribald laughter from the street below reminded me that I was in plain view of the town. I crawled in a hallway, just off the porch, and, swaddling the bedclothes around me, huddled down in a chair. I was very cold. The mosquito came in with me. It had fallen asleep during the night, I think, and the movements attendant on my change of base awakened it. Or perhaps it was cold too.

Cooper found me there. "Did you have a sound sleep?" he asked.

"That describes it exactly, Cooper," I returned. "Just one sound after another."

"Ouch!" he yelled, as he scratched the back of his neck vigorously.

Think of it. I had almost killed that mosquito the night before.

Hayward Bartlett.

SALESLADY: Shall I send this C. O. D., madam?

MRS. OVERPLUS (haughtily): Young woman, I want you to understand that I have had an account in this store for the last three months.

Notes on Putting Things in Order

DISORDER is Nature's first law. Observe the leaves in a forest.

I once came near being an orderly person. The idea obsessed me. It occurred in this manner.

I made the original discovery that, when I did not put things back, they rose up again to bother me. And it appeared to take more time to put them back in the last instance than it would have done in the first. It was a fascinating thought.

So I began to put them back. I almost became an orderly person.

Conscience here intervened. There was an obligation on my part to see that things were put back. It was not long before others were depending upon me to put them back. I then perceived that I was losing faith in Nature. Besides, my whole time was taken up in doing things that might just as well have been done elsewhere. Now I have come again to my own. I am no longer a slave. Nature and I are One.



THE YACHTING SEASON
 HAULING IN THE NETS BEYOND THE THREE-MILE LIMIT



THE NEW BOAT—AND A VERY NERVOUS YACHTSMAN

The Challenge

THE chanting sea is heard afar—
"O hills, your might shall pass
away!"

The great hills shout with mighty choirs—
"O sea, you, too, shall have your day!"

The stars look down on haunts of men—
"O man, how brief thy sunny day!"
And men in twilight vales reply:
"O stars, time ends your bright array!"

A heart speaks low to loving heart
A word by ages glorified,
And chanting sea and hill and star
Know that they pass—Love shall abide!
Arthur Wallace Peach.

In 1925

MRS. LEDD PLUMMER: Professor,
after you have washed the dishes
and helped the cook scour the sink and
wipe up the pantry, you may give little
Ethelrinda her lesson on the Italian
Renaissance.

Decorating the Interior

A Play of Art for Art's Sweet Sake

I

SCENE: The shop of Saul Blague, Inc., Antiquaire. A foreman and several workmen are leisurely engaged in administering first aid—or possibly last rites—to sundry articles of nondescript virtue. Enter Saul.

SAUL: Good morning, boys. Has the rubbish man been around yet?

FOREMAN: Yes, sir.

SAUL: Ah! (He goes over to a corner of the shop and examines the morning's haul.) A baby's washtub; a tobacco jar; a woman's hat—of straw; an alarm clock; a broken piccolo banjo; twisted wire; a handful of mattress tufts; fourteen burlap bags; ten salmon tins and a cake box with no cover. Excellent! How much for the lot?

FOREMAN: Two dollars and a quarter, boss. I couldn't get the rubbish man down any lower.

SAUL: Excellent, dear boy! This collection is one of the most promising we have ever had. Where did they come from?

FOREMAN: Mrs. Greystone-Parke's, sir.

SAUL: Ah! Mrs. Greystone-Parke. One of our best customer-clients. *Eh bien*—to work. First we shall make the baby's tub into a jardinière. Paint it dark green and stencil it with number 277a—the dancing figures. The tobacco jar we paint Ming blue with vertical rings of black. It is the base of a lamp. For the shade—the straw hat, shellacked. So! The twisted wire. . . . (As Saul continues his instructions the curtain is discreetly lowered.)

II

Scene: The establishment of Saul Blague, Inc., Antiquaire. Saul is deeply engaged with his customer-client.

SAUL: . . . And Mrs. Greystone-Parke likes the little jardinière?

MRS. G.-P.: Oh, it's sweet! I must have it. And I must

have more things. Ah, these hangings. Fascinating! What is that material?

SAUL: It is burlap, madame. Czecho-Slovakian burlap. Very exotic. Very lovely hangings.

MRS. G.-P.: I must have them. And what a peculiar clock! Is it a banjo clock?



Her Father: OH, WELL! WHY WORRY? THE ENGAGEMENT WILL LAST ABOUT AS LONG AS THESE THINGS WILL



Aunt Jane: DIDN'T YOUR FATHER KNOW I WAS COMING, BOBBIE?
Bobbie: NO, MA'AM. MOTHER KEPT IT FROM HIM.

SAUL: A genuine banjo clock, madame—genuine banjo—genuine clock. Very lovely. Very rare.

Mrs. G.-P.: How quaint! How mid-Victorian! And these artificial daisies—

SAUL (absently): Mattress tufts, spar varnished—er—very rare, madame—French of the Empire period. . . .

Mrs. G.-P. (with unerring instinct she picks out all the recently transmogrified articles): Oh, the cunning lamp. The shade looks just like a hat! Or is it a hat?

SAUL: Madame is correct. It is a lamp. The lamp is Persian—very Persian.

Mrs. G.-P.: Lovely! And what in the world is this? It looks like ten salmon tins connected by twisted wire to a cake box.

SAUL (wounded): Oh, madame is not serious. That is an

Andalusian centerpiece. See! (He deftly arranges the apparatus of which the cake box is the center and the wire the connecting radii to the salmon tins. The whole is painted yellow with stenciled frondage of tomato red.)

Mrs. G.-P.: Oh, I see! How delicious! Oh, Mossewer Saul, I must have the lot. And now—combeen? I hope it will not be exorbitant.

SAUL: Ah! a mere thousand dollars, madame—for the lot.

Mrs. G.-P.: That is quite satisfactory. You know, Mossewer Saul, I love to acquire new furnishings from you. Your little *objets d'art* touch such a responsive chord in me. Somehow they seem familiar. That is, they do not seem *new*—if you understand what I mean. . . .

SAUL: Ah, madame has the *flair*. She has the instinct of the artist. True art knows neither time nor space, but rings triumphant down through all ages, its form changed, perhaps, but its *soul*—never. It is the beauty that is familiar to madame, the pure form, the real art, the soul.

Mrs. G.-P. (wiping away a sympathetic tear): Ah! how splendid! . . . Triumphant throughout the ages. . . .

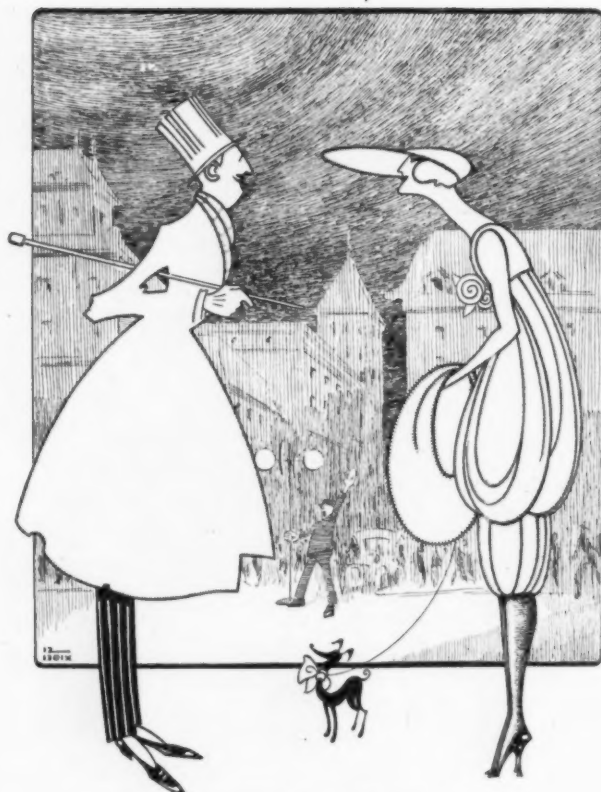
SAUL (gallantly bowing her out): Yes, madame. Or, as Heraclitus, the Ephesian, once put it, "Matter can neither be created—nor destroyed."

Curtain.

Henry William Hanemann.



THE DECOYS



"AH! WEARING EYEGLASSES, MR. BEANS?"
 "FORCIBLY, MISS TAKE. YOU SEE, I'M GETTING AWFULLY SHORTSIGHTED, AND HAVE TO WEAR THEM WHEN I GO TO SLEEP. OTHERWISE I CAN'T RECOGNIZE THE PEOPLE I DREAM ABOUT."

Impertinence or Kindness?

I AM a writer of many rejections. For the last three years I have been engaged in the pursuit of literature, and am still running hard. Despite a multitude of editorial throw-downs, I have never complained of my lot. I have never spoken a harsh or profane word of a single editor. Always I have looked forward to the coming of the mail—hopefully, trustingly.

Until yesterday.

Since yesterday, it must be admitted, I have undergone a change of heart. Honestly, I am discouraged. Since the last visit but two of the postman, I can no longer thrill at the shrilling of his whistle; the mail, morning or evening, means nothing to me now. I am not only discouraged—I am mad clean through. It was bad enough to receive editorial regrets on what my friends assured me was my *chef d'oeuvre*; but to have my shame blazoned forth in public, so that all the world, his wife and his postman might see—to have my MS. returned in an envelope stamped with the caustic advice:

JOIN THE NAVY—

It Occurs to a Casual Observer:

THAT if the United States will accept a mandate for the Armenians at Atlantic City and other American summer resorts, they will have their hands full enough without adding to their number.

That if the average school-teacher of this country could be assured of a plumber's wage for the next six or seven years, there would be no more need for educational pension funds.

That one way to cure the acute shortage in print paper now prevailing throughout the world would be to get Lenine and Trotzky to stop printing roubles for a period of ten days.

That if married folks could be induced to continue their courting at home for a few years after marriage, there would be a great deal less divorce courting in Reno and other public matrimonial crossroads.

That if labor would stop raising the deuce for a little while, and give us a little more produce, the sky-scraping cost of living would be brought down a peg or two.

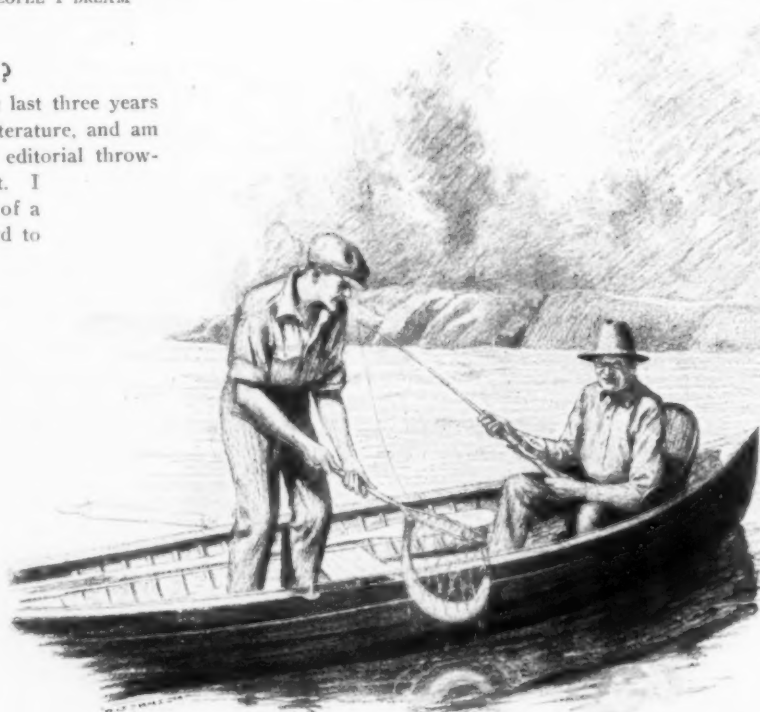
That if, as the Socialists hope, Mr. Debs is elected President of the United States, we shall be compelled to put bars on the White House windows, and instal a warden in place of the major-domo.

That Mr. Gompers's Labor Congress, if elected, might be a good thing for us all, if, following the usual custom, it could be counted upon to strike, and thus diminish the production of unnecessary laws.

That we might profitably use some of the bars the Prohibitionists have put out of business to keep undesirable aliens out of the country, and at the same time find valuable use for the unemployed bartenders of the hour.

That if it be true, as Dr. Ayres says, that the American public-school system is only fifty-two per cent. efficient, the probable reason is that the pay of the school-teachers is only forty-eight per cent. adequate.

J. K. B.



A GOOD CHANCE TO ASK HIM FOR THE HAND OF HIS DAUGHTER



Finding Their Latitude and Longitude



JULY 15, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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AS this number of LIFE goes to press the Democratic Convention is operating, and contemplative citizens are wondering how much it will help them to know how to vote next fall. There are signs of promise that it will be useful to some of them. Already at this writing it has denied a seat in the convention to Senator Reed of Missouri, and voted down the unit rule, so that Charley Murphy may not this year deliver all the votes of the delegates from New York in a bunch. And it shows itself very well affected towards President Wilson, and appreciative of his labors and the high distinction of his record, and disposed to take a steer from him about matters of policy, and especially about the Treaty.

All that is promising as far as it goes, and the weather is not so hot as it was in Chicago, and the accommodations are better, and the crowd, possibly, not so oppressive, nor the cost of living quite so high, so that there is good basis for hope that the delegates may work on in tranquillity to useful results. Uncle Bill Bryan has more or less political dynamite up his sleeve, and may try to do things that should not be done, but a presidential convention is a conflict of forces, and Bro. Bryan is a force that, on the whole, seems more likely to be useful than pernicious at San Francisco. As a leader of the good he has defects, but he is quite a good hand at times to stand off the unrighteous. He does not want the wets to get anything, and that is reassuring to folks who don't want them to get too

much. He would like to get the League out of politics; and though the chances are not favorable to that, it is an aspiration with which many sympathize.

The leading candidate as the hour of voting approaches is Mr. McAdoo, who is not really a candidate at all, but seems to lack Mr. Hoover's remarkable talent for avoiding the presidency, and may have it sprung on him.

A good performance at San Francisco will be very valuable to the country, and indeed to the world, in bringing high and definite issues into the campaign. The accomplishment at Chicago was more adroit than inspiring, but it will be accepted by Republicans as it stands, unless the Democrats come along with sentiments and candidates that it will be some trouble to beat. If the Democratic program looks fairly good, an effort may be looked for to make the Republican program savor less of Lodge and more of Hoover.



THE season for drives seems to be past. The Interchurch World Movement, which started out sixteen months ago to raise thirteen hundred million dollars for the spiritual improvement of mankind, has received three millions, spent nine millions, and given up its original purpose as a bad job, though it still aspires to raise money enough to pay its debts. The chairman of its executive committee says: "We found we could not continue while conditions are so unfavorable as they are to-day with the numerous unsuccessful drives."

Even the Salvation Army, which is very popular, is said to have found the public unresponsive to its last call. People seem to have relapsed in the normal condition of preferring to spend their money themselves. Of course it was bound to come. The drives were wonderful while they lasted, and they lasted wonderfully, so that it seemed that there was no end to people's money or their willingness to part with it. Drives were sure to last as long as they were profitable. If now they are petering out it is partly because of H. C. L. in all its branches, and of taxation; but partly, doubtless, because of the subsidence of many high hopes for the immediate regeneration of the world.

Professor Gilbert Murray, in a lecture in which he compared our Great War with the great war of the ancient Greeks, found a likeness between them in that "the more the cities of Greece were ruined by the havoc of war, the more the lives of men and women were poisoned by the fear and hate and suspicion that it engendered, the more was Athens haunted by shining dreams of the future reconstruction of human life. Not only in the speculations of philosophers like Protagoras and Plato, but in comedy after comedy of Aristophanes and his compeers, we find plans," he said, "for a new life, a great dream-city in which the desolate and oppressed came by their own again, in which rich and poor, man and woman, Athenian and Spartan are all equal and all at peace."

Such shining dreams as those were back of the drives while they were still productive. People would give their money or their pledges for things that had large hopes in them and causes that looked bigger than their own pleasures and more urgent than their own needs, but as politicians contended, and hopes faded, and rents and taxes and all expenses rose, the drives naturally lost speed and productivity, and cooks and plumbers and grocers and meat men gathered in the money that might have gone for world regeneration.

But money will never save the world,

anyhow. It will support hospitals and schools and colleges, and do many good things, but it's not what makes the world go 'round, nor ever will be.



PROFESSOR MURRAY found a likeness between the effects of the Peloponnesian War and of our great war in the disturbance that it caused in the minds of women. Aristophanes is full of that. Women were uncomfortable, dissatisfied, obstreperous. The war in Greece lasted twenty-seven years, and that is time enough for all the emotions that war can produce to develop and find expression. Women are now disturbed all over the world—less so here, probably, than in other countries, and with much less cause, but flustered enough here to cause much remark and a considerable amount of expostulation. Their raiment has been changing for five or six years, and all in the direction of candor. It is not at all certain that that is a bad direction, but it is a little upsetting to conservative minds. Dr. Hibben, of Princeton, made it the subject of very pointed remarks in his baccalaureate address. He said the girls' mothers put them up to experiments with a minimum of raiment, which is surprising, and though doubtless true in cases that came to his knowledge, will hardly be accepted as true generally. Testimony from Boston is quite to the contrary. The clergy of the Catholic Church are quite frank in reproofs of women who belong to that Church and who do not, in their opinion, conform to standards of due decorum in attire. Some of the Protestant clergy are equally vehement in expostulation. It is all curious, interesting and significant of mental activity of some sort, and of course it all belongs in the class of matters that will come out in the wash. Either women will wear more clothes, or people will get used to less clothes. Which happens does not greatly matter, clothes being a convention anyhow.

It was part of the calculations of some of the advocates of Prohibition that all the emotions of men would become more languid and orderly if they ceased to have access to rum. That that is true may well be doubted. The great tie that binds man to earth is woman. Without that tie he would undoubtedly quit. Give him a certain amount of alcohol and it may make his great natural solace somewhat less indispensable to him, so that if necessary he can worry along with a minimum of



A BAD LIE

female society. Deprive him of rum altogether, his interest in the other half of him is quite likely to increase.



A LONG of Colonel George Harvey's activities at Chicago, the *Evening Post* told of his labors, dating from 1906, to bring Mr. Wilson's remarkable qualities to public notice and make him President of the United States. Coming to the episode where Dr. Wilson told the Franklin Square Colonel in the presence of the Louisville, Ky., Colonel, of ever blessed memory, that *Harper's Weekly* was doing him harm by its support, the *Post* said:

And from that moment Harvey has been the chief exponent of the policy of anything to beat Wilson, a policy that was the guiding star of the Chicago convention. It was the acme of

fitness that the nomination of Harding should have been decided in Colonel Harvey's room.

The *Post's* impressions have a basis, but its facts are not quite accurate. It is true that after the episode mentioned, Colonel Harvey was disposed to deflect the attention of Democrats from Mr. Wilson to Champ Clark, but he didn't get far with that, and after Mr. Wilson was nominated, *Harper's Weekly* supported him, so that after election he was talked of as ambassador to England or France, especially the latter. He did not cease to support Mr. Wilson until much later.

If it is a good turn to make a man President of the United States, Colonel Harvey did one for Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson always seemed to appreciate what Colonel Harvey had done and always to deplore the rift in their relations. But it was an inevitable rift. Nature never intended, destiny never decreed, that the heads of Colonel Harvey and Dr. Wilson should long protrude through the loops of the same yoke.

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Boys Will Be B

IFE ·



Will Be Boys

After-Bedtime Stories

How Georgie Dog Gets the Rubbers on the Guest Room Bed



LD Mother Nature gathered all her little pupils about her for the daily lesson in "How the Animals Do the Things They Do." Every day Waldo

Lizard, Edna Elephant and Lawrence Walrus came to Mother Nature's school, and there learned all about the useless feats performed by their brother and sister animals.

"To-day," said Mother Nature, "we shall find out how it is that Georgie Dog manages to get the muddy rubbers from the hall closet, up the stairs, and onto the nice white bedspread in the guest room. You must be sure to listen carefully and pay strict attention to what Georgie Dog says. Only, don't take too much of it seriously, for Georgie is an awful liar."

And, sure enough, in came Georgie Dog, wagging his entire torso in a paroxysm of camaraderie, although everyone knew that he had no use for Waldo Lizard.

"Tell us, Georgie," said Mother Nature, "how do you do your clever work of rubber-dragging? We would like so much to know. Wouldn't we, children?"

"No, Mother Nature!" came the instant response from the children.

So Georgie Dog began.

"Well, I'll tell you; it's this way," he said, snapping at a fly. "You have to be very nifty about it. First of all, I lie by the door of the hall closet until I see a nice pair of muddy rubbers kicked into it."

"How muddy ought they to be?" asked Edna Elephant, although little enough use she would have for the information.

"I am glad that you asked that question," replied Georgie. "Personally, I like them to have mud on them about the consistency of gurry—that is, not too wet—because then it will all drip off on the way upstairs, and not so dry that it scrapes off on the carpet. For we must save it all for the bedspread, you know."

"As soon as the rubbers are safely in the hall closet, I make a great deal of to-do about going into the other room, in order to give the impression that there is nothing interesting enough in the hall to keep me there. A good, loud yawn helps to disarm any suspicion of undue excitement. I sometimes even chew a bit of fringe on the sofa and take a scolding for it—anything to draw attention from the rubbers.

Then, when everyone is at dinner, I sneak out and drag them forth."

"And how do you manage to take them both at once?" piped up Lawrence Walrus.

"I am glad that you asked that question," said Georgie, "because I was trying to avoid it. Yo" can never guess what the answer is. It is very difficult to take two at a time, and so we usually have to take one and then go back and get the other. I had a cousin once who knew a grip which could be worked on the backs of overshoes, by means of which he could drag two at a time, but he was an exceptionally fine dragger. He

once took a pair of rubber boots from the barn into the front room, where a wedding was taking place, and put them on the bride's train. Of course, not one dog in a million could hope to do that.

"Once upstairs, it is quite easy getting them into the guest room, unless the door happens to be shut. Then what do you think I do? I go around through the bathroom window onto the roof, and walk around to the sleeping porch, and climb down into the guest room that way. It is a lot of trouble, but I think that you will agree with me that the results are worth it."

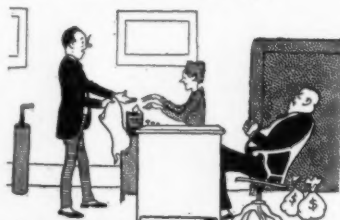
"Climbing up on the bed with the rub-

The Treasure Hunt

A. D. 1950



1. FINDING THE DOCUMENT



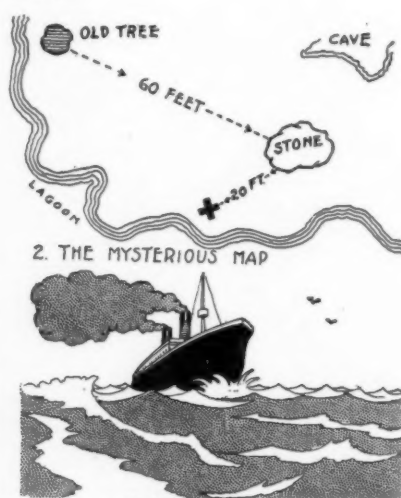
3. RAISING FUNDS FOR THE EXPEDITION



5. SHIPWRECKED—AH, AN ISLAND!



7. SUSPENSE AND FEVERISH HASTE



2. THE MYSTERIOUS MAP



4. OFF AT LAST



6. THE ISLAND AND THE VERY TREE!



8. THE SEARCH REWARDED

bers in my mouth is difficult, but it doesn't make any difference if some of the mud comes off on the side of the bedspread. In fact, it all helps in the final effect. I usually try to smear them around when I get them at last on the spread, and if I can leave one of them on the pillow, I feel that it's a pretty fine little old world, after all. This done, and I am off."

And Georgie Dog suddenly disappeared in official pursuit of an automobile going eighty-five miles an hour.

"So now," said Mother Nature to her little pupils, "we have heard all about Georgie Dog's work. To-morrow we may listen to Lillian Mosquito tell how she makes her voice carry across a room."

Robert C. Benchley.

Yachting Terms Defined

WATERLINE—An imaginary line drawn by yachtsmen prior to January 16, 1920.

Tumble home—A characteristic of certain yachts and yachtsmen noted for their fast ways.

Sea legs—See legs.

Legs—See sea legs.

Bells—Recording instruments which tell time even when yachtsmen are unable to tell it.

Knot—That by which speed is measured or into which ropes and challengers' aspirations are tied.

Glass—A device for focussing a yachtsman's attention. It may be raised either to the eye or the lips.

Focussle—That part of the ship in which the glass is focussed.

Bar—A stratum of sand or mahogany over which water has difficulty in flowing.

Abeam—Expression noted on face of yachtsman after raising a glass or lowering a record.

Sunday Morning

ALL is quiet and peaceful.

The sunshine, a calm benediction,
Falls alike on the proud
And the humble.

A faint breeze stirs the leaves of the maples.

The busy bees buzz in the clover.

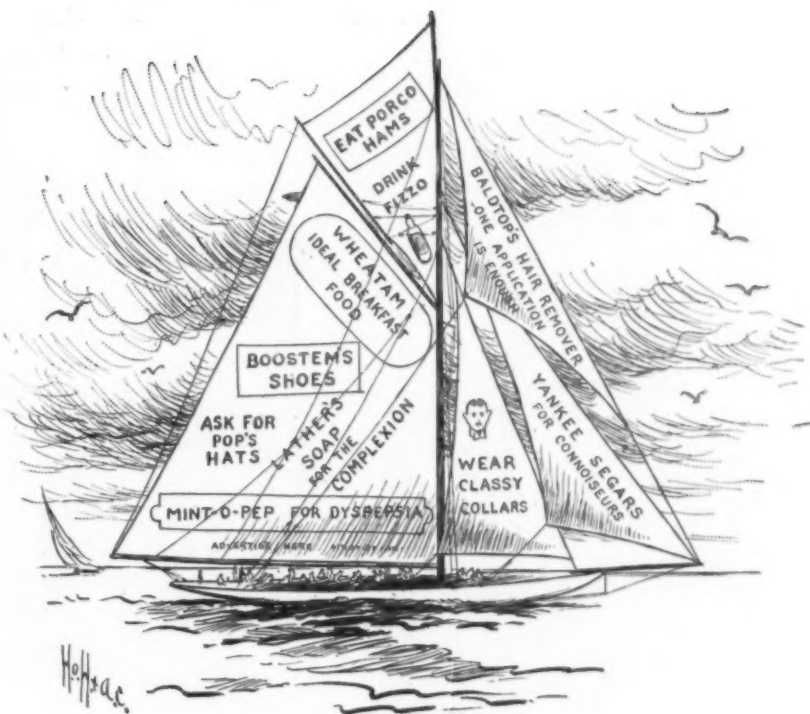
From afar comes the sound of a church bell.

I think I will crank up the flivver
And motor out to the golf club.

Stanley G. Taggard.

"DO you know Quaverly?"

"Not at all; I've only met him when he was with his wife."



THE CUP DEFENDER

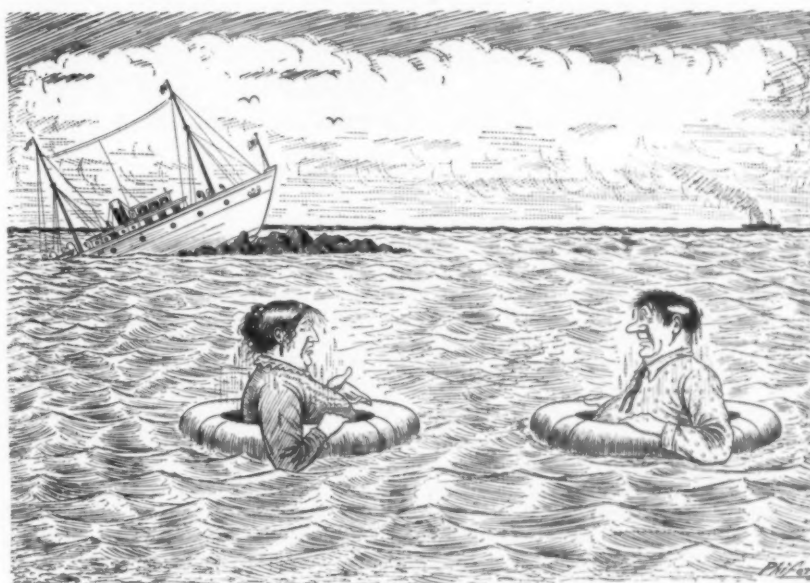
IF OUR ADVERTISERS HAD FREE REIN

HOTEL CLERK: I am sorry, miss, but, according to state laws, you will have to register your home address.

"I haven't any home; I live in New York."

STRAWBER: Engaged! Why, I thought she turned you down once.

SINGERLY: She did, but that was before she knew that all of her people were against me.



AFTER THE YACHT STRUCK THE ROCKS

"THERE, HENRY WHORTER, DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT EX-MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER YOU ENGAGED AS PILOT MIGHT FORGET AND TRY TO RAM EVERY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING OBJECT HE SAW!"



MAYBE WE COULD LOSE THIS RACE

Uncle Sam: DO YOU MIND, TOMMY, IF I SUBSTITUTE THE PITCHER FOR THE CUP?

Even—

THEY stood by the shore and watched
the waves,
Even as you and I;
They counted the stars as each appeared,
Even as thee and thy.
They saw the light of the shimmery
moon,
Even as her and him.
They watched the feathery clouds go by,
Making the moonlight dim.

They talked of love on that summer night,
Even as us and we;
Together they stood with hands clasped
tight,
Even as you and me.

They spoke of the future with hearts
athrill,
Even as thee and thou.
Their dreams were rosy. Of course you will
Recall them even now.

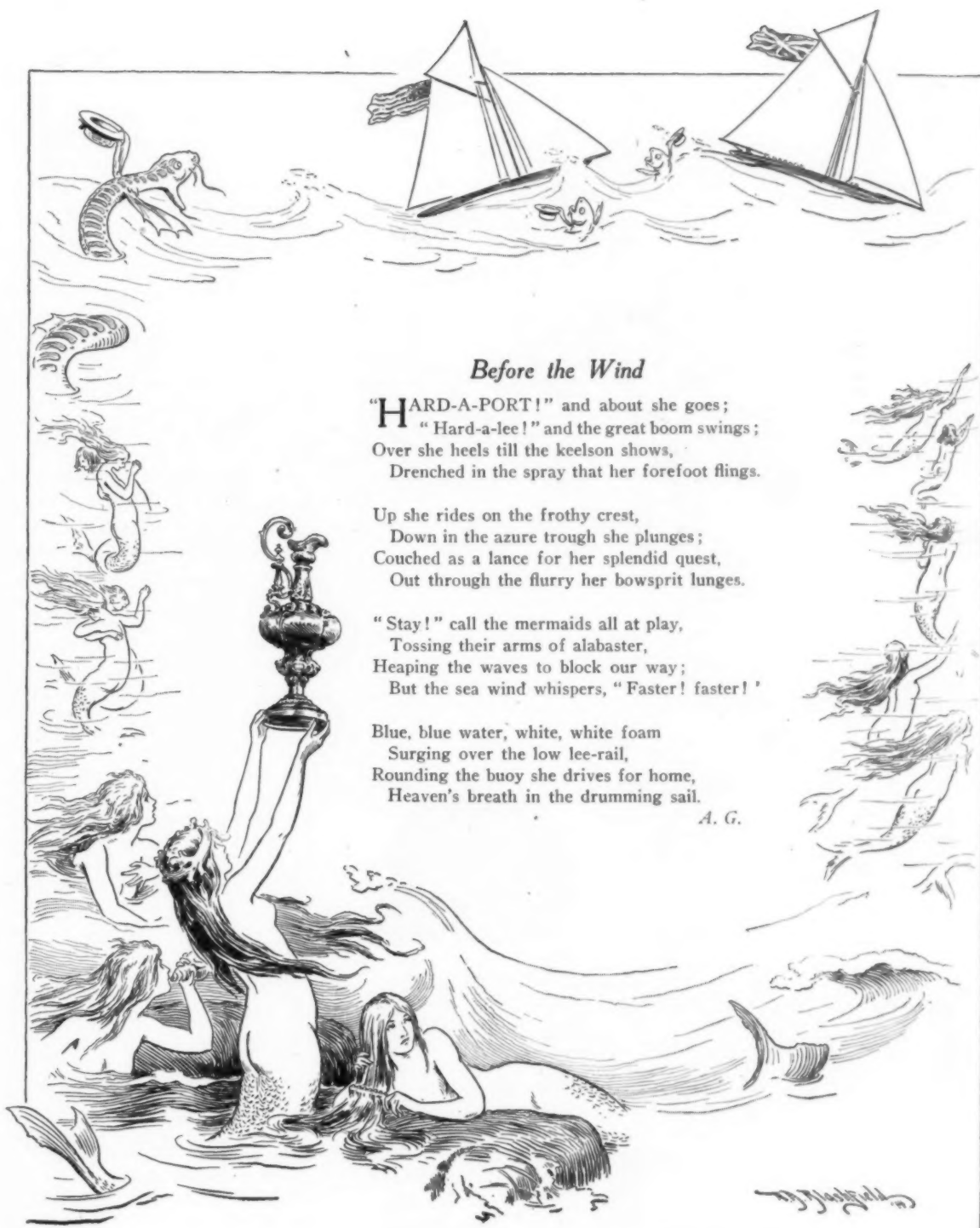
The same old moon—the same old waves,
Up to their same old tricks,
Trying their best to entangle them
In the very same old fix.
He held her close as they kissed good-
night—
There's nothing under the sun
But someone has gone and done it before,
Even as we have done.

Virginia H. Pendleton.

Those Grabby Poles

THE United States is sprinkled with presumably kindly and possibly well-intentioned persons who are devoting large amounts of time to denouncing the Poles for working out into territory which does not belong to them in their brisk little war against the Bolsheviks. These persons say that the Poles are land-grabbers, and that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that they are too militaristic for words. Why, they ask passionately, don't the Poles stay on their own side of the fence, where they belong? The answer is so simple that the Poles seem to consider a reply unnecessary. The Poles make a great mistake in not answering; for if people get it into their heads that Poland isn't behaving as she ought to behave, they will clamor clamorously to have all assistance withheld from Poland. When that occurs, Germany and Russia can gaily squeeze Poland out of business between them, as they are hoping to do in the very near future, and hold hands tenderly over the remains. The reason why the Poles have advanced into territory which the Peace Conference didn't give them is as follows: The full strength of the Bolshevik army is over two million men. The full strength of the Polish army is something under one million men. If the Bolsheviks should throw their full strength against the Poles, it is only reasonable to assume that the Poles would be pushed back. If they adhered to the boundary which is generally regarded as their eastern boundary to-day, and if the Bolsheviks attacked them in force and pushed them back, there soon wouldn't be any Poland, for it would have been pushed out of business. So the Poles advance into territory out of which they pushed the Bolsheviks, the idea being that they can fight the Bolsheviks and be pushed back and back and back without being pushed out of their own country. As long as the world is interested in having an armed force stand between the Bolshevik army and Europe, it should tender a vote of thanks to the Polish General Staff, instead of criticizing the Poles for being grabby. Incidentally, any general who failed to follow the tactics which the Poles have followed would deserve to be court-martialed and shot long before sunrise. And also incidentally—but not so very incidentally—any argument based on the militaristic nature of the Poles, or their land-grabbing propensities, is a pro-Bolshevik argument.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



Before the Wind

"HARD-A-PORT!" and about she goes;
 "Hard-a-lee!" and the great boom swings;
 Over she heels till the keelson shows,
 Drenched in the spray that her forefoot flings.

Up she rides on the frothy crest,
 Down in the azure trough she plunges;
 Couched as a lance for her splendid quest,
 Out through the flurry her bowsprit lunges.

"Stay!" call the mermaids all at play,
 Tossing their arms of alabaster,
 Heaping the waves to block our way;
 But the sea wind whispers, "Faster! faster!"

Blue, blue water, white, white foam
 Surging over the low lee-rail,
 Rounding the buoy she drives for home,
 Heaven's breath in the drumming sail.

A. G.



Professional (to Jones, taking his first golf lesson): YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR HEAD PERFECTLY STILL, SIR, JUST AS IF YOU WAS BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

Jones: WELL, THANK GOD I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK SO D—D PLEASANT ABOUT IT.



"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, MY LIFE KNOWS NO LAW. I AM FREE. I BEHAVE ALWAYS AS I FEEL."

"YES? ISN'T THAT NICE! I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE FEELING BETTER SOON."

The Biograph

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

IN all this Biographic Barding
I've somehow slighted Warren Hard-
ing,

The Presidential Nominee
Of what is called the G. O. P.
Like many others dear to Clio,
He comes from Eloquent Ohio,
And ran a Printing Press before
They set him up as Sen-a-tor.
While Friends may rank his Mind with
Plato's,

Detractors call him Small Potatoes,
Comparing him to Franklin Pierce—
And that, you know, is Something Fierce!
Still, even Lincoln wasn't rated
Of much account when nominated,
And anyone aboard the boat
With Coolidge may be worth a Vote.

Our Course in English

*Conversations for the Benefit of Those
Who Wish to Obtain Quickly a Knowl-
edge of Our Esteemed Language*

THE trained dogs are acting on the stage before an audience. They are doing a lot of wonderful tricks. The man is directing them. The audience is applauding.

It took a long time for the dogs to learn these tricks. The man had to train them constantly. This was hard on the man.

But the audience does not care about the man. They are looking at the dogs. All they see are the tricks. They do not see how the dogs were trained. Neither do we, for that matter.

I shall tell you, if you'd like me to. Yes, you do like me to. The dogs are trained with dope. And they are whipped, and sometimes starved. Shall I go on? No, you say not. You do not like to hear that. And so we shall just look at the dogs and applaud them. It is better so (expression of American resignation).

We are happy when we do not know everything. Ah, yes; that is plain. That is in every language.

The Unknown

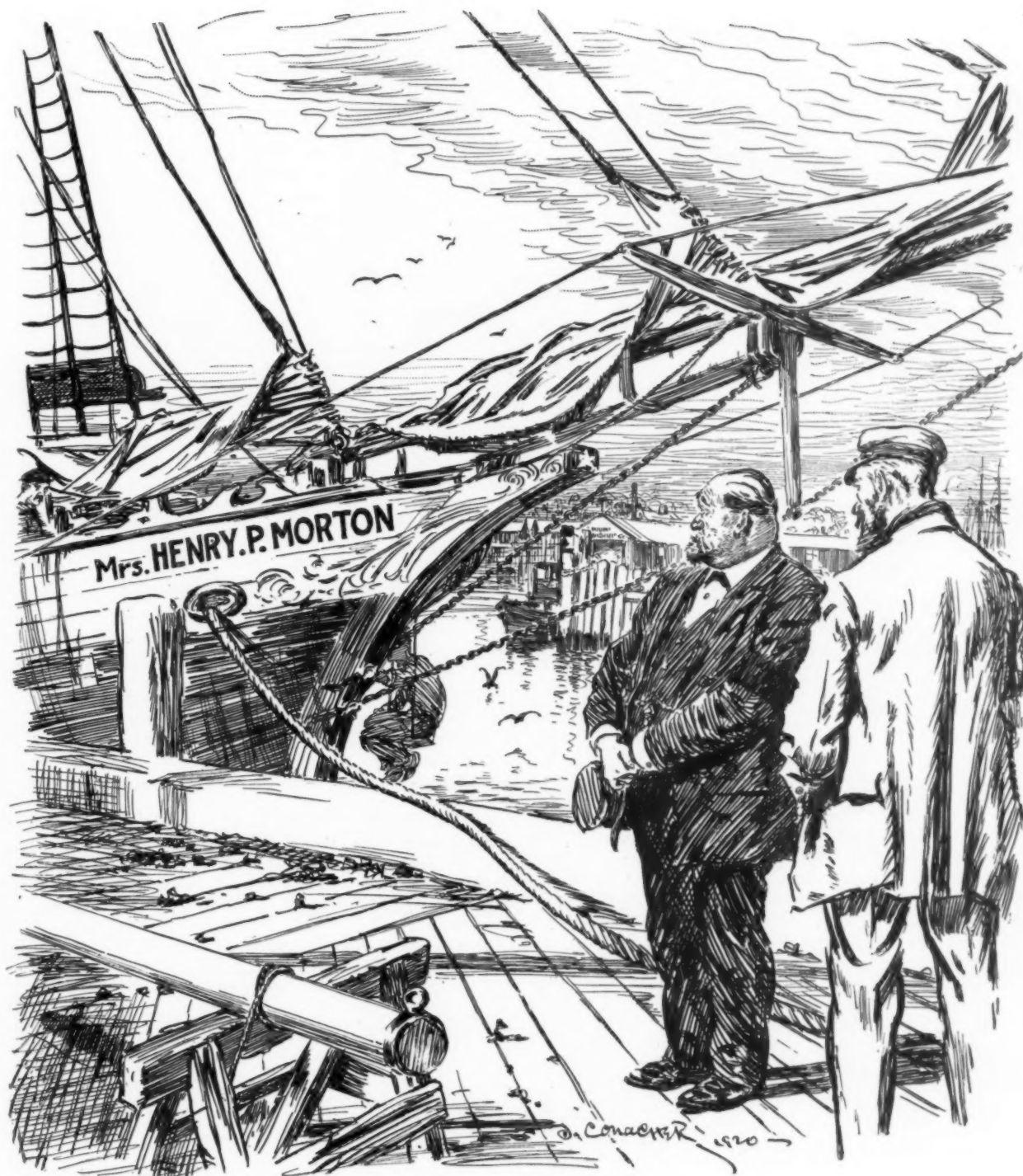
"IS he a famous author?"

"No. He hasn't yet been attacked on moral, religious or patriotic grounds."

"CONGRATULATIONS, old chappie.
Quite a surprise, your engagement."

"Yaas. You see, we're such opposites."

"I hear she is tremendously clever."



"YE CAN CALL ME SENTIMENTAL IF YE LIKE, ED. I NAMED HER AFTER THE WIFE"



She: WHY DO YOU INVITE THAT MISS HEAVIWAITE ON ALL YOUR SAILING PARTIES?
"SHE MAKES EXCELLENT BALLAST."

Caught in Time

"MEDITATION," said Petunia, "if carried on systematically—"

I have been married to Petunia for eight years. Wonderful years they have been. Petunia and I are opposites in so many things that, looking back upon it all, the way has seemed very smooth. There is a charm about Petunia that I have never tired of in all these years. But the morning she said that about meditation my attention was arrested. There was something about it that was familiar. And, besides, it did not seem like her to be saying a thing like that. I remember at the time, it gave me a queer sense of something impending; yet for my life I could not tell what it was.

I had forgotten about this meditation phrase, when one day—it was a week later—the second incident occurred. This time there was no mistaking it. I shud-

dered at the thought. Briefly, it was upon the occasion of my leaving a suit that I had decided not to wear, hanging over a chair, instead of—as of course I should have done—hanging it up properly in my wardrobe.

As I came back to kiss Petunia—I was running for my train—I noticed it.

"Dear me!" I said. "Would you mind—?"

It was then that Petunia said what she did. It was this:

"To be orderly is, after all, the triumph of mind over temperament. But it pays."

Then I knew what had happened. Poor Petunia! How could I save her? And how, indeed, could I save myself? For I knew that unless something was done all would be over between us.

Petunia must have realized this, sub-

consciously, maybe, for she had hitherto concealed all the evidence of her downfall. This evidence, however, I was bound to obtain. And so that night I searched for it.

Petunia had gone out in the garden. I could watch her intermittently as I went on with the search.

It took me some time. But at last I was rewarded. Yes, there, tucked away in the rear of her closet, was the fatal sheet. I hid it and awaited Petunia's coming.

"Petunia," I said, facing her at last, "how long have you been doing this?"

"Doing what?" she asked, turning slightly pale.

"Reading the inspirational essays of Dr. Blank Stork."

Petunia faltered. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. But it had to be done.

"For a month," she stammered. "It has made me see things in a new light—the light of common sense," she added.

"Precisely," I replied sternly. "And you have been inspired, haven't you?"

Petunia hung her head.

"Yes."

I burned the paper in the grate.

"Petunia," I said, slipping a hundred-dollar bill out of my pocket and placing it not too conspicuously on her dressing stand, "promise me that you will never be inspired again—in this manner."

"I promise," said Petunia.

"And promise me that you will never become an apostle of common sense."

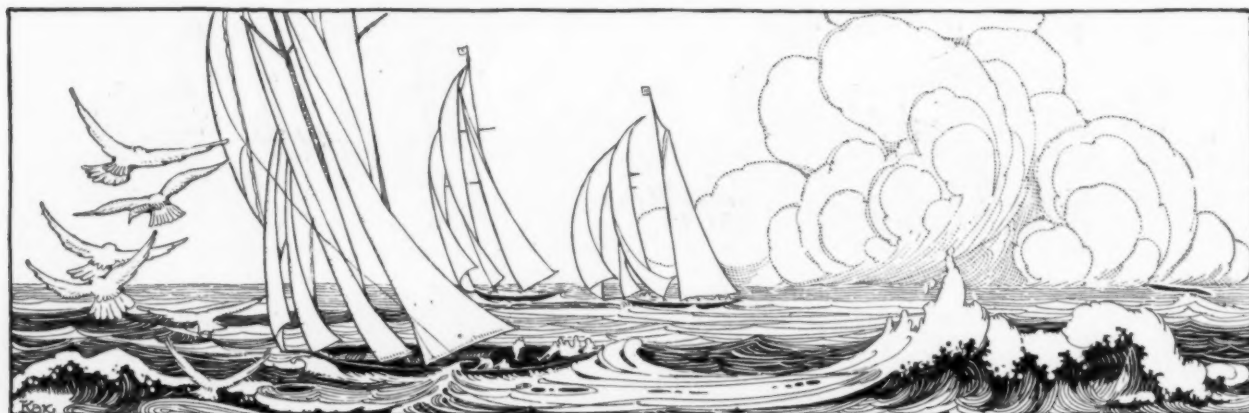
I paused.

"Nay," I went on, "swear!"

"I swear."

"Good!" I exclaimed, holding her rigidly. "Remember, Petunia, you are the dearest thing I possess; and I cannot afford to have the dearest thing I possess vulgarized."

T. L. M.





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E. C. Atkins
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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Hard, Hard Times

She was a "Daily Shopper" for one of the city's department stores. Her companion, an elderly man, was saying, "Well, anyway, this work will fit you to be a good wife. You'll know how and where to buy."

"Oh, yes, I'll know where and how to buy, all right," said the girl. "But I guess if I do marry I'll never have as much money to spend as I'm spending now."

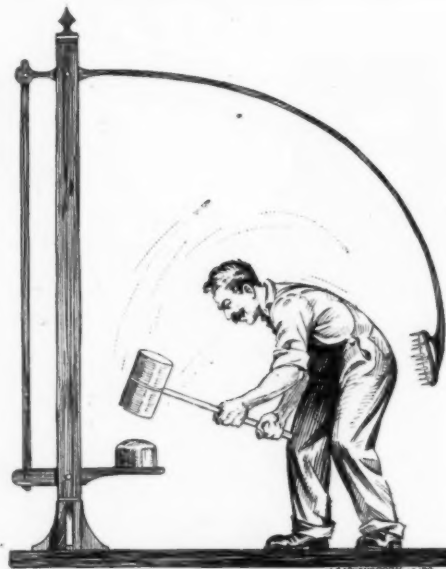
"Well, that's the same kind of a position I'm in," said the man. "I married so that I'd have a wife to sew buttons on my shirts. And nowadays I can't afford the shirts."

—New York Evening Sun.

Sounds Like Hashimura's Work

Rule 2 for motorists in Japan runs as follows: "When a passenger of the foot heave in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning: 'Hi! Hi!'"

—Boston Transcript.



THE RIGHT TO STRIKE BUT WHERE DOES HIS FUN COME IN?

It would appear that the word "concurrent" means anything you want it to mean except concurrent.—New York World.

K. O. As Corrected

The village paper intended to eulogize the local veteran as "one of the most distinguished of our battle-scarred heroes."

A lapsing proof-reader let it be printed "battle-scare." Of course the irate colonel demanded an apology and correction. The following issue announced that by mistake reference had been made to Colonel Brown which failed to express the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens, and that the sentence should have read: "Colonel Brown was one of the most distinguished of our bottle-scarred heroes."

—Everybody's.

Knew What to Expect

BILLIE: My dad must have been dreadfully wicked when he was a boy.

BOB: Why?

BILLIE: 'Cos he knows so exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.—Japan Advertiser.

A LITTLE boy, asked by his parents what musical instrument he would prefer to learn, said, "I guess I'll learn to play the phonograph." The boy had merely caught the spirit of the times—let somebody else do the work.—Salina (Kan.) Journal.

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CUSTOMER: There's something wrong with these operatic records I bought yesterday. There's a horrible din in each one of them that almost drowns the music.

DEALER: Yes; that's our newest effect. We are now reproducing the noise in the boxes as well as the music on the stage.

—London Opinion.

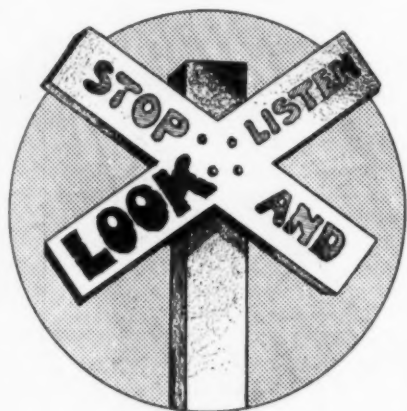
In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Between Friends

"Well, old human ouija board," Irvin Cobb is reported to have said to Sam Blythe in Chicago, "who will be the nominee?"

"None of your business," said Blythe. "And if I didn't know you pretty well and like you, I wouldn't tell you even that."

—New York Tribune.



LOOK OUT

At no matter what period you now are in life, there's a *crossing* just ahead. You need all your faculties, a hundred per cent accurate, a hundred per cent efficient—but above ALL you need your eyesight, every day, every hour.

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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.



Disillusioned

"Mr. Bibbles seems distressed about something."

"He had a trying experience."

"What was it?"

"He made the mistake of telling a Prohibition enforcement officer he couldn't search the Bibbles baggage without a warrant."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ONE of the hardest things to do when you are out riding with a friend is to simulate the proper anxiety when he cranes his ear around in a new direction and, after listening a minute, announces in a tragic voice that "this car has developed a new squeak since we started out."—Kansas City Star.



Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



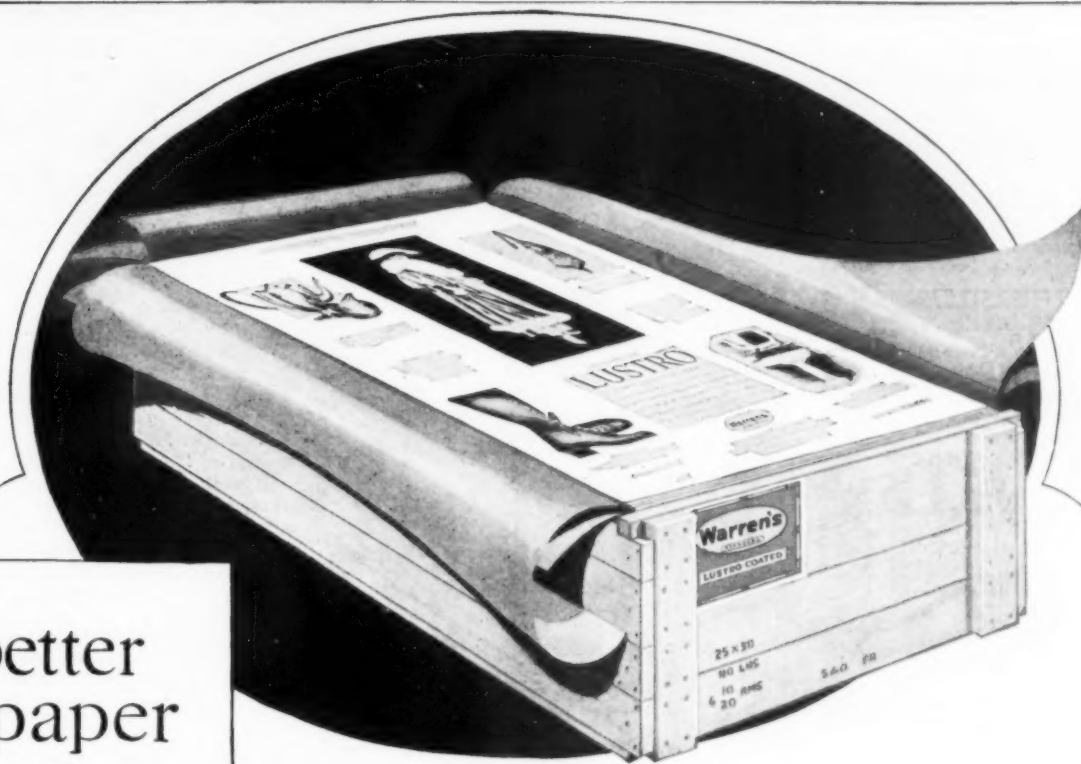
You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

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Cortez CIGARS
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MR. BOOZER EXPERIMENTS WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED MINCE PIE THAT HIS AUNT SENT HIM



better paper better printing

The illustration shows a case of Warren's LUSTRO with the Top Sheet printed. A feature of Warren's packings is the printed Top Sheet—evidence of the tested printing quality of the paper.

Examples of printing on Warren's Standard Printing Papers are to be seen in Warren Service Pieces, Suggestion Books, and Brochures, which the larger print shops have on exhibit. These books are also in the offices of leading paper merchants, and in those clubs whose libraries are devoted to the examples and lore of printing.

THERE is logic in the connection between Better Paper and Better Printing.

But we do not want to proclaim Better Paper as the only thing necessary to Better Printing.

Into every job of work well done there enters a moral question of men and methods.

Do you know how to deal with a printer? Do you demand that he "sell you" on suggestions that he makes for your benefit? Do you help him to understand just what your catalog or your booklet is to mean to you, your salesmen, your distributors, and your customers?

Did you ever hear of a man calling up a printer and telling him that circumstances permitted him more time to finish a particular job?

These things, as well as Better Paper, affect the production of Better Printing.

The reason for the standardization of Warren's Standard Printing Papers and the reason for each of the dozen different Warren Standards are that we understand just what blank paper means to a printer. Also we understand just what printing means to a man who has merchandise to sell.

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Dull coated for artistic half-tone printing

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The highest refinement of surface in glossy coated paper

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Glossy surface for fine half-tone and process color work

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
A recognized standard glossy-coated paper

Warren's Silkote
Semi-dull surface, noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Printone
Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's Library Text
English finish for medium screen half-tones

Warren's Olde Style
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HAS your janitor gone abroad for the summer?

Has your maid left? How much do you have to pay her to keep her?

Does your washerwoman come to work in her own car, or do you call for her?

How much have they raised your rent this month? Have you moved lately?

How much are you paying for eggs?



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Do you have to send your children to boarding school, or will they allow you to keep them in your apartment?

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Do you think we are having a hot summer?

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And the bed that "has always been in the family."

And the metal bed bought for its sanitary quality—or because "a cheap bed will do for the children."

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These fine Simmons Beds, four-square, firm, *noiseless*—inviting relaxation and deep, sound sleep.

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Twin Beds, by all means—in the interests of undisturbed rest and perfect health.

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SIMMONS BEDS

Built for Sleep

Life

LIFE is an old man, carving at a table,
Twinkling, asking what you wish to
eat.

You, who hope to get all the white meat
you are able,

Find yourself given only dark meat!

A wing all bones,

Or a leg too tough to chew.

Someone gets the wishbone—

But—it isn't you!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

DYER: Have any trouble keeping up
with your expenses?

RYER: I can't get away from them.



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IT has been suggested that the citizens of the United States adopt a new national name to supplant the term "American." We have attempted to monopolize the appellation to ourselves, with the result that we have aroused the righteous jealousy of our Latin neighbors between Tierra Del Fuego and the Rio Grande, who claim—and with no little reason—that they are just as much Americans as we. In fact, our bigoted attitude has had the tendency to prejudice them to

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

the extent of diverting their valuable trade to European channels.

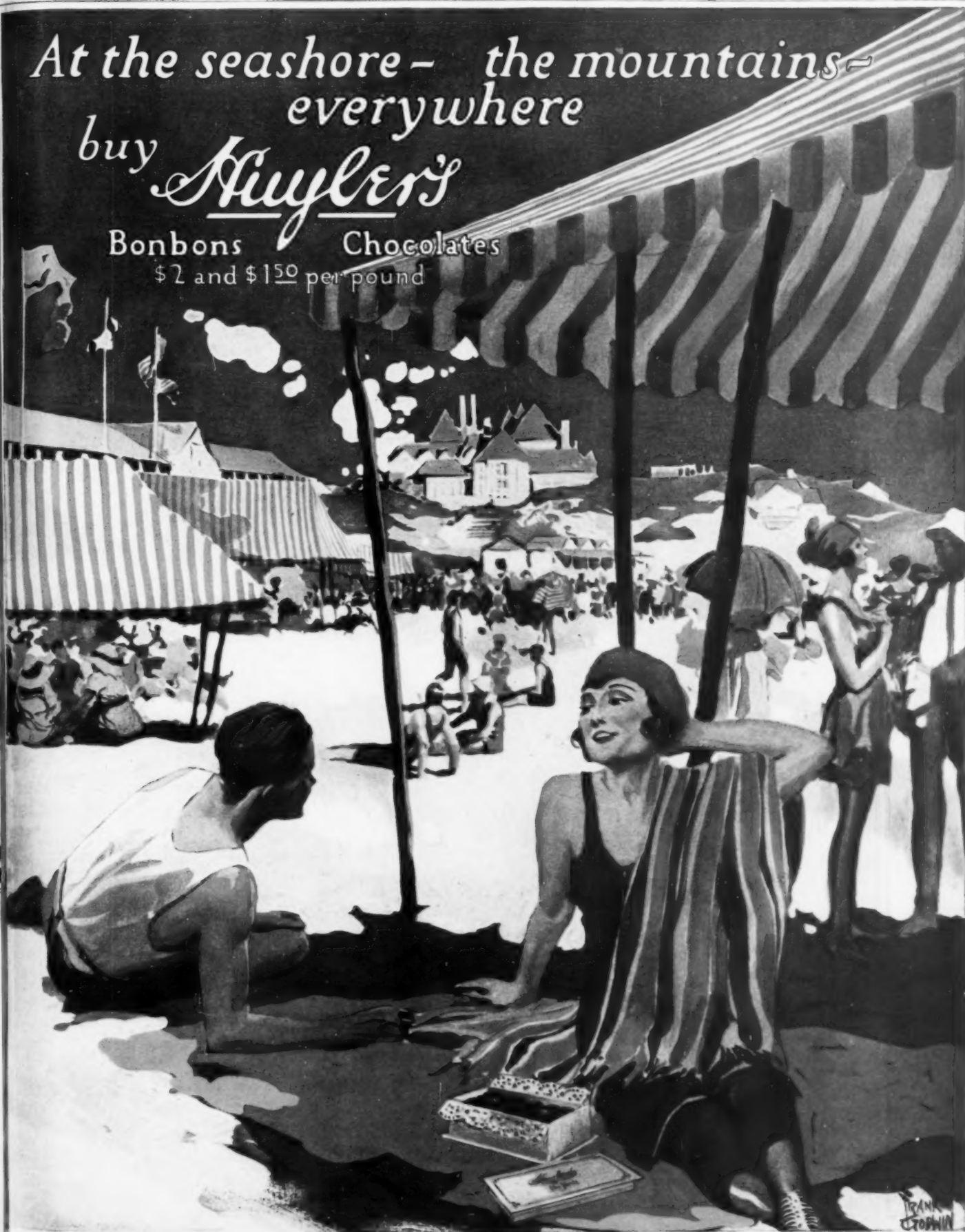
Let us act quickly before the situation becomes serious. Let us get together and think up a good, appropriate and applicable name for ourselves. We cannot call ourselves "Republicans," because there are so many of us who aren't; the terms "Democrats," "Reactionaries" and "Bolsheviks" may be rejected for the same reason. "Prohibitionists" would be nearer the mark, but there are possibly a few irreconcilables left.

It might be a good idea for some enterprising publication to print a portrait of a typical—whatever that is—American and offer a large cash prize for the best one-word title to the picture.

At the seashore - the mountains -
everywhere

buy *Muyler's*

Bonbons Chocolates
\$2 and \$1⁵⁰ per pound



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The Macbeth is distinguished by both its users and its usefulness. Whether adding the final touch of distinction to a \$15,000 road emperor, or dressing up a less expensive motor, the *green visor* marks a gentleman's car. It marks a motorist considerate of his fellows! Considerate of their safety and comfort as well as his own. The Macbeth permits no dazzling rays and no weak waste of light. The five horizontal prisms scientifically redirect all upward rays down in far reaching concentrated brilliance on the road. Four vertical cylindrical prisms spread the light uniformly. The Macbeth principle is the U. S. Navy's choice. It should be yours. Mark your car with the *green visor*—signal of safety and courtesy.

Price per pair \$5.25—Denver and West \$5.75—Canada \$6—Winnipeg and West \$6.50

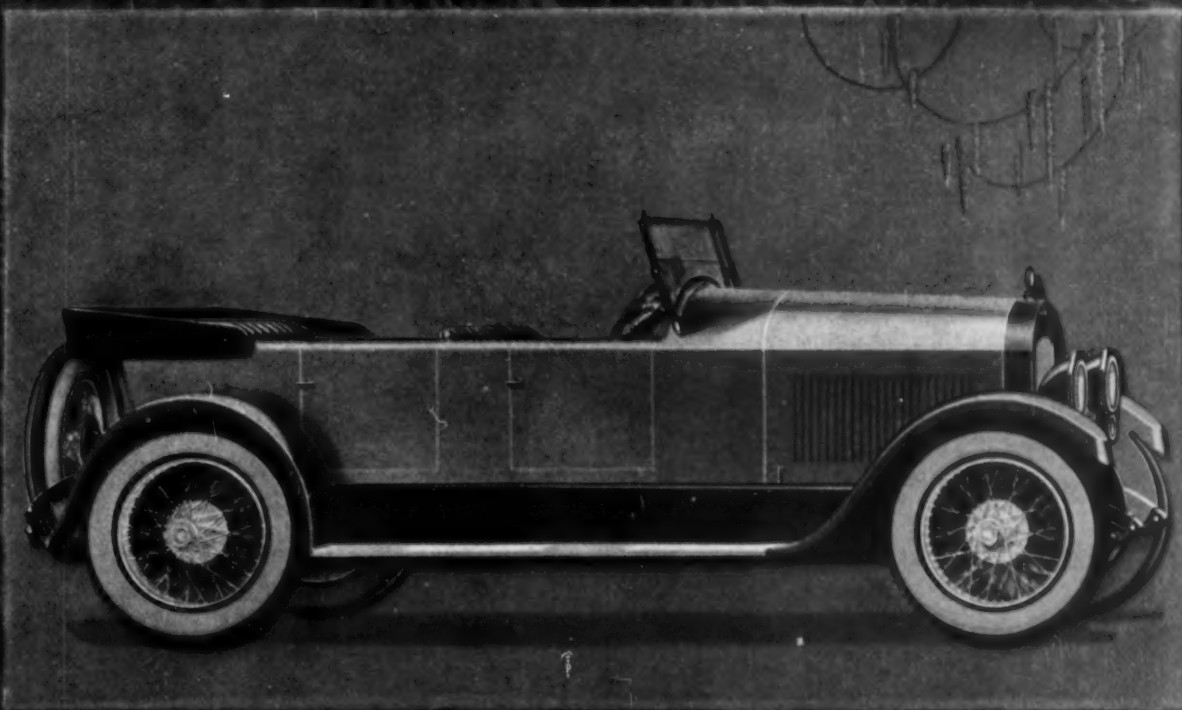
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IF you are troubled with blemishes, use this treatment every night and see how clear and smooth it will make your skin.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for daily cleansing.



"Your treatment for one week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions showing you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1007 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1007 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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